

# THE JOURNAL.

Friday, August 1, 1845.

FOR CONGRESS.

HON. JAS. J. MCKAY,  
OF BLADEN COUNTY.

THE ELECTION WILL TAKE  
PLACE ON THURSDAY, AUGUST  
7, 1845.

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the office, at 6 cents a piece.

## General McKay's Appointments.

Gen. McKay will address his fellow-citizens at Elizabethtown, Bladen county, on Monday next, the 4th inst.

Owing to the fact that our hands are sick, we have been unable to notice many things which it was our intention to chat about in to-day's Journal. We have been unable to get several articles in type. We hope to be well, from the "Devil" up, by next number.

## Voters of the Sixth Congressional District!! AROUSE!

As this is the last time we shall have an opportunity of addressing you before the day of election, we propose making a few remarks upon the manner in which, according to our humble opinion, you should act on that day. And, the first thing we would say is, that every democrat in the district should consider it his conscientious duty not only to go to the polls himself, but see that all his neighbors do the same thing. And why do we say that you should go to the polls? and why do we think it a duty, which you owe to justice, to yourselves, and to Gen. McKay, that you should make it a point to give him a full and overwhelming vote, if we may use the expression?—No, because we, or any body else, think that Gen. McKay is in danger of his election, or even that he will get one democratic vote. No, the whigs themselves don't expect, nor has any democrat dreamt of such a thing. Here is the reason why we now urge upon our friends that they should turn out to a man on next Thursday. A dead set, to use a common phrase, has been made against your old friend and faithful servant, Gen. McKay. Charges most groundless and flagrant against his character have been industriously circulated throughout the district; every artifice and every trick has been resorted to for the purpose of blighting the well earned reputation of your candidate. Knowing well that the principles which Gen. McKay professes, and in the triumphant advocacy of which he has borne so long and so distinguished a part, are those which you yourselves hold dearer than life itself, the federal candidate and the federal leaders in the district have not attempted to assail them. No; the game has been to trump up a set of charges the most groundless and flagitious, as we said before, having little or no bearing at all upon the great issues which divide the two parties. To traduce and blacken the public character of Gen. McKay in every possible shape and form, has been the sole object of the federal party during the campaign. Against all the charges which have been made against him, he has triumphantly defended himself. We now call upon you to come up to the polls and shew Gen. McKay's enemies that instead of shaking your confidence in him their attacks had no other effect than to create a still stronger manifestation of your confidence and esteem. We call upon you, too, to reflect, that should Gen. McKay not receive the full strength of the party, even although Mr. Meares may not get one democratic vote, still your opponents would make a handle of the matter. They would boast of it as a victory. Then let every good democrat be certain to go to the polls on Thursday next. Let us give Mr. Meares such an out and out drubbing as will teach him that he has been utterly mistaken in the course of electioneering which he has adopted. Let us, by our majority on Thursday next, tell our fellow-citizens throughout the State, that we appreciate Gen. McKay's merits, and that we are willing to honor his talents in the face of the world. Now is a leisure season, when every man can afford to spend a day in the performance of the duties which he owes to his country. Go to the polls, then, and be sure you see that all your neighbors go also. We look for a full vote. Gen. McKay deserves it. Will he not get it? Yes; especially as this may be the last time that you will have an opportunity of voting for him. But why need we urge you. Your gratitude for services rendered will be a sufficient inducement to bring you out in your strength. Once more we say, be sure you go to the polls and shew to the world that indignation and scorn are the only feelings which the attempt to injure your tried servant, Gen. McKay, have excited in your bosoms. Again we say to you, go to the polls, and shew to the world by your votes that you repudiate federalism in every shape and form. That you are now, as you have ever been, utterly opposed to the principles of the federal party to which Mr. Meares belongs.

We have made these few remarks because some of you might be disposed to stay at home, seeing there is no absolute necessity for your voting, as Gen. McKay is certain to be elected. Let us give Gen. McKay as full a vote as we gave Mr. Polk in November last. We can and must do it!

## The Discussion at Long Creek.

On Monday last Gen. McKay and Mr. Meares met at Long Creek. The day was delightfully cool. There was a large collection of people present for the occasion. We heard the number estimated at between two and three hundred. Mr. Meares did not reach Long Creek until about 1 o'clock. Gen. McKay very courteously waited his arrival, although the people who had collected at an earlier hour were anxious that the speaking should commence long before that hour. Mr. Meares declined opening the debate on this occasion. We will not pretend to give even an outline of the debate, as the subjects, with some slight variations, were the same as those discussed at Kenansville on the 22d, and of which we gave a rapid sketch in our last number. Gen. McKay commenced speaking at one o'clock, and in an address of about three hours in length, defended himself in the most triumphant manner against each and every one of the charges which Mr. Meares has seen fit to array against him. When he ascended the stand the audience greeted him with three long, loud and hearty cheers. We thought that Gen. McKay was peculiarly eloquent in his address. He again recounted, seriatim, the charges and specifications which have been urged against him. One by one he took them up, and we appeal to every man present, we don't care what his politics may be, if he did not give to each and every one, a clear, full and explicit refutation.

On the 1st of July particularly, we thought that Gen. McKay was peculiarly happy in his illustrations of the evils which the Act of '42 has entailed and is now entailing upon the Country. He told the people that during the last term which he had served them in the Congress of the United States he had labored with his whole heart and soul to have that Act repealed or modified, and that it was not his fault that such modification had not taken place. He also pledged himself that in the 29th Congress, should the people by their votes give him a seat in that body he would be unwearied in his endeavors to bring about either a modification or a repeal of the onerous burdens which the oppressive and unjust Federal Tariff Act of '42 were now imposing on the Country. He went on to demonstrate that every thing that is used by the poor man, his taxed enormously, whilst those articles for the most part luxuries, consumed entirely by the rich, are under that Act comparatively untaxed. But we will not go into details. In the course of his remarks, Gen. McKay told his audience that he had served them fourteen years in the Congress of the United States, and he asked them to scrutinize his conduct during all that time, and he appealed to them if ever he had given them a pledge which he had broken. (Here one universal shout of no, resounded from the audience.) During the whole of Gen. McKay's address, the audience exhibited the most profound attention, and when he closed the air was once more rent with the most enthusiastic cheers.

Mr. Meares' reply was one of the most consummate and unmitigated failures we have ever heard. The bold daring for which the Chronicle gives him so much credit seemed to desert him entirely. Mr. Meares was evidently fully aware that he had commenced the canvas wrong. That the petty little charges which he has been trumpeting forth to the world, have most signally failed to produce the contemplated effect. He seemed to be conscious, when almost too late, that the people are not so easily gulled as in his "uncalculating patriotism" he had thought. But this is the great rock upon which all federalists split. They think the people are ignorant, that they were made to be duped and bamboozled. This is the reason why Mr. Meares avoided the discussion of the great questions which divide the parties, and resorted to the belaboring his opponent with all sorts of abuse entirely foreign to the issues upon which the election of a representative to Congress should turn.

Next Thursday will teach Mr. Meares a lesson in this respect which we hope will not be lost on him in all time to come. His speech at Long Creek was a poor jumble of incoherent assertions and miserable rhapsody, without point or meaning, and evidently shewed throughout, that the task he had undertaken was one for which he was in no way fitted. It had no more influence upon the audience than the idle whiff of the wind; its only effect being to strengthen the democrats in their devotion to their noble cause and its able champion, Gen. McKay. We appeal to those who heard him, for the correctness of this opinion.

## The Certificates again.

Again the Chronicle, with a brazen perverseness for which we were not prepared, even in that paper, republishes the certificate of Jeremiah Pearsall, containing the charge that Gen. McKay was opposed to poor people voting. Before we again review the certificates, we shall make some remarks upon the weight which ought to be attached to them, even had they not been rebutted by counter testimony. In the first place Gen. McKay has been thirty years in public life. During all that period he has borne a conspicuous part in the public affairs of his country. Well now, if Gen. McKay is suspected of entertaining such sentiments as those attributed to him in these certificates, to what would a person, who entertained this suspicion, look for confirmation or re-

val of such suspicion? Would he not reasonably say, Here is a man who has been a legislator, a law maker, a public man for the long period of thirty years. During that time he has given a great many votes—he has made a great many public speeches, and has performed a great many acts. Let us examine his whole public life. Let us scrutinize his every act; surely if he entertains sentiments such as his enemies charge him with, he has had ample opportunity, during this long public life to exhibit them. Surely it would be impossible for him to prevent their exhibition in some shape or other. Well, the strictest examination is made of every act which he has done, and every word which he has said in his public capacity, and instead of ever saying or doing any thing that would prove that he held such Anti-Republican opinions, the whole course of his life demonstrates that he has been actuated by a contrary feeling—that when an opportunity occurred, he has voted for the most extensive right of suffrage, without any regard to poverty or wealth. We appeal to the candid enquirer after truth, if this is not the only fair and correct method of deciding a question of this kind, or would he go back to an isolated remark made in a private conversation, which took place 12 years ago? and that conversation too, retailed by a bitter political enemy of the individual, whose judgment and recollection is liable to be warped by his party prejudices. We ask, which is the fair method of examining this subject, even supposing that Jere. Pearsall's certificate remained unrebuted? Surely the candid man would be compelled from a sense of justice to adopt the former and reject the latter. But it is a suspicious circumstance, that Jeremiah Pearsall has permitted twelve years to elapse without enlightening the world by this awful disclosure. If Jere. Pearsall deemed the disclosure such as to make Gen. McKay unfit to hold the high place of a member of Congress, is he not inexcusable to his fellow-citizens in keeping the dread secret locked up within his own bosom for twelve long years? what do you think of this, candid reader? But, then again, it looks suspicious to say the least of it, that these certificates have been sprung upon Gen. McKay just on the eve of an election—Again, this is a private conversation which took place at the house of James Pearsall, and the remarks which Jere. Pearsall retails were made if made, at all, by his brother's guest, and in his brother's house! What does a candid world think of this? Now we defy Gen. McKay's bitterest enemy to point to a single act in his whole life, which would lead to the conclusion that he was opposed to the most extensive right of suffrage.

But to the certificates. We again say, in the most positive manner, that the certificate which we published last week, under the signature of James Pearsall, and to which he is willing to swear, is a full and complete rebuttal of the charge contained in Jere. Pearsall's certificate furnished to Mr. Meares. And we say further, that Mr. Meares is publicly committed to admit the fact. Mr. Meares himself acknowledged during the discussion at Long Creek, on Monday last, that he had told Gen. McKay that there was a personal and political friend of the General's present at the time when the conversation took place—that that democrat was James Pearsall, of Duplin county, and that if he said James Pearsall would give him (Gen. McKay) a certificate denying that he (Gen. McKay) had made use of the remark that poor people ought not to be allowed to vote, then he (Mr. Meares) would withdraw the charge. Is this not the same thing as saying, if James Pearsall does not corroborate the charge, I will abandon it? certainly it is. Well, James Pearsall is called upon and his answer is, "It is due to justice and Gen. McKay, to say that I never heard the Gen. at any time make such declaration!" what do you call this, reader? Is it not a plain and explicit denial? Certainly it is. Ah! but, says Mr. Meares, James Pearsall in the latter part of his certificate, makes use of this language, "Nothing was said of the poor to the best of my recollection," whereupon Mr. Meares says, "James Pearsall, says to the best of his recollection, that nothing about the poor was said, but that he might not have heard all that was said, that still, Jere. Pearsall may be correct in his statement." If James Pearsall had said nothing beyond the last quotation, there might be some plausibility in this conclusion. But in the first part of the certificate, he positively denies that he ever heard Gen. McKay make such declaration. He then goes on to recapitulate the conversation which did take place and the remarks which were respectively made by the persons present, after which he adds, "Nothing was said of the poor to the best of my recollection," which when fairly construed in connexion with the whole contents of the certificate means, "I never heard Gen. McKay say that the poor ought not to be allowed to vote. Indeed I don't think the word was mentioned at all in any way; certainly not in the way in which it is introduced in brother Jere. Pearsall's certificate." This is the only fair, just and legitimate construction which can be put upon the certificate of James Pearsall, and we challenge the most ingenious Sophist to put any other upon it.

So much for Jere Pearsall's certificate. Now for Benj. Oliver's, the Jesse Jernigan certificate. We know nothing about Jesse Jernigan. We suppose from the tenor of Benj. Oliver's certificate that he belongs to that class spoken of as the "drinking

class," in whom Jere. Pearsall had so little confidence, and that the conversation was very similar to that which took place at James Pearsall's and that this declaration, if made at all by Gen. McKay, was made under exactly the same circumstances, and alluded to the same species of individual, as the one which Gen. McKay makes in James Pearsall's certificate, viz: "that the man who could be bought for a drink of grog ought not to be allowed to vote." The expressions are natural and alluded to the same class of persons: and we say that the man whose vote can be bought for a drink of grog, ought not to be allowed to vote. Do any of our readers differ with us in this? Do any of them think that Gen. McKay was wrong in making this declaration? No: we answer for them. Let the certificates go forth to the world. Let James Pearsall's accompany them. Let the whole public life of Gen. McKay be a commentary upon them, and we fear nothing from them. As we said before, the only effect they will produce will be to recoil with fatal effect upon the heads of those who made them. This tale next Thursday will tell.

From the North Carolinian.

## GEN. MCKAY.

The Wilmington Chronicle publishes a Circular of Mr. Meares in which he brings forward two certificates, one from Jere. Pearsall, of Duplin, and the other from Mr. Oliver, both designed to shew that Gen. McKay has often openly expressed himself to the effect that poor men ought not to have the privilege of voting, and that he really entertains that opinion.

The whigs are eternally haranguing the democrats about being demagogues, and pretending to have great love for the poor people; but they are playing the very game in the Wilmington District which they accuse the democrats of. If Mr. Pearsall and Mr. Oliver are not ashamed of their certificates they ought to be.

Since writing the above, a friend from Duplin has sent us the following, by which it is seen that the General is triumphantly vindicated.

To the Editor of the Carolinian:

The two candidates for Congress in this District met to-day in Kenansville, before a large assemblage of people. Mr. Meares led off in the discussion, and instead of debating the political questions which divide the two great parties of the present day, contented himself with bringing forward a series of charges against Gen. McKay. I shall only allude here to the one in which he charged Gen. McKay of having said (in substance) that "poor people had no interest in the government, and ought not to be entitled to the right of suffrage." To substantiate this charge he read certificates from Mr. Oliver and Jere. Pearsall. The latter is the material witness, who certifies substantially to the charge. Mr. Pearsall is a respectable citizen, but he is a violent political partizan, and is the same gentleman who figured so conspicuously in the public press in 1840, in the way of certificates against Gen. Saunders. He seems to have a peculiar fondness for this sort of business. Gen. McKay in reply, denied positively ever having uttered such an opinion—that he never for one moment harboured such a thought, which was inconsistent with his votes as the representative of the people, and against the doctrine he had ever advocated of supporting the rights of the mass of the people against monopolies.

He also produced a certificate from James Pearsall, which he had obtained after much solicitation, who stated that he was present at the conversation alluded to by his brother Jere., at his house in 1833, the evening before an election. In speaking of electioneering, Jere. remarked that there were many drinking persons, who could not be relied upon, that they would sell their votes for a drink of grog. Of such Gen. McKay said, they ought not to be allowed to vote; (this is the substance.) Then James Pearsall no man in this county stands fairer, or whose word is entitled to more credit. There are the different accounts given by these two gentlemen, of a private conversation made years ago, which is proclaimed to the public by Mr. Meares in his speeches, and heralded forth in the shape of extras from the whig press, by which he expects to put down a long-tried and faithful public servant—one who has served the people of his native county fifteen years in the State Legislature, and who for fourteen years has represented his district in Congress with credit to himself and honor to his constituents. Mark! such means of electioneering will recoil upon those who use them. Gen. McKay will receive an increased vote in this county. Note the prophecy. DUPLIN. July 22d, 1845.

Disaster.—The Charleston Courier of the 27th July, publishes the following extract from the Log Book of steamer C. Vanderbilt: Captain Marshall, arrived at Charleston, Saturday morning from this place:—July 26, about 50 miles south of Cape Fear, at 12, 20 A. M., made a sail on our larboard bow, close on board, steering athwart our bows, saw no chance of clearing him by putting the helm of the steamer one way or the other, but rung the bells to stop and back the engine, which was done immediately, and the steamer's way deadened in some degree. The moment she struck the vessel, which proved to be the schr. Erie, Captain Wilson, the Captain and all the crew jumped on board the Vanderbilt. We then learned from Capt. W. that the mate and passengers were left on board the schooner, ran down to her, found she was making no water. The Capt. and crew returned to their vessel; could not ascertain the amount of injury which the Erie received. The Vanderbilt received no material injury, having only her stern slightly injured. The night was clear, and the wind fresh from S. S. W. The steamer had her lights up fore and aft and sparks were issuing from the smoke stack. Capt. Wilson stated that he was steering N. E., and hauled up north. The steamer was steering S. W.

A CARD.—We, the undersigned, passengers on board the steamer C. Vanderbilt, Capt. Marshall, do testify in the matter of coming in contact with the schr. Erie, Capt. Wilson, that Capt. Marshall, as far as we can judge, was entirely blameless, and cannot in justice, be censured for any of the inexcusable negligence in the affair, but is rather entitled to his commendatory thanks to all on board, for his prompt and energetic efforts for the safety of both vessels; whereas, Capt. Wilson

and his crew, to our utter astonishment, immediately jumped on board the Vanderbilt, leaving his own vessel to the management of the mate and passengers. (Signed) G. H. EATON, Savannah, Ga. JAS. CORBETT, Charleston, S. C. From the New Orleans Picayune, 24th ult. LATEST FROM TEXAS. Annexation Ratified—Death of Vice President K. P. Anderson—Incursions and Depredations of the Indians—General News. By the arrival of the brig Howe Howes, Capt. B. G. Shaw, from Galveston, yesterday, we are apprised of the glorious and gratifying fact that the question of Annexation has been finally consummated. Thus, by the honest and unwavering conduct of a free people, have the machinations of traitors at home and enemies abroad been foiled and frustrated. Honor to the republicans of Texas for the part they have taken in the achievement of the purpose!

We give our worthy correspondent's letter, which embraces a clear and succinct narration of the proceedings of the Convention up to the latest period at which it was possible to receive Austin news:

Austin, July 7, 1845.

The Convention assembled on the morning of the 4th, and unanimously elected Gen. Rusk to preside over its deliberations. On taking the chair he made a short address, which was well delivered and suitable to the occasion. A committee of fifteen was soon after appointed, who reported by their chairman, Judge Lipscomb, an ordinance assenting, on behalf of the people of Texas, to the terms of Annexation proposed by the United States Government. It was adopted with one dissenting voice—but five members absent. It was engrossed and signed by all the members present. It is not a little singular that the only dissenting voice was Richard Bache, the father-in-law of our Secretary of the Treasury and brother-in-law of the Vice President.

After the necessary resolutions were passed for the transmission of the ordinance to the United States, a resolution was offered by Col. Love, and unanimously adopted—"That the members wear crepe on their left arm for one month, as a testimony of regret for the decease of Gen. Jackson." Whatever differences of opinion may exist, as regards his political acts, elsewhere, Texas owes him a debt of gratitude. To him we are indebted for the privilege of becoming a member of the Great American Union—a measure so important to us, and I hope to you. The Convention then adjourned. It was a novel celebration of the Liberty Day—to surrender the Independence of our nation, and by the act of the whole people, assent to its incorporation with another, and offer a tribute of respect to the man through whose influence the measure was consummated.

On the 5th we appointed committees on the plan adopted by the Virginia Convention, to report on the various subjects submitted. It called forth some discussion which was creditable to the speakers—it was the skirmish that precedes more heavy firing.

The delegates to the Convention, for intelligence, integrity and worth, would rank high in any country. There is not, perhaps, much of brilliancy, but a great deal of matter-of-fact sense and sound knowledge; and I predict that we shall form and send you a sound and sensible Constitution, free from the worst features of ultraism.

The terms of annexation are not perhaps such as we had a right to ask; but so anxious are we to free the subject from further agitation in the United States that no conditions whatever will be annexed to the Constitution differing from the resolutions passed by the United States Congress.

A despatch was received from the United States in the morning, and Major Johnston arrived on the evening of the 5th, having been detained at Washington by serious indisposition. These despatches relate to the occupation of our frontier by your troops. They are now on their march—led foot by water to Corpus Christi, on the west bank of the Nueces, and thence by land to San Antonio. The step is taken that will decide Mexico in her policy. Foreign troops will soon be upon the coast she claims. Her choice must be a declaration of war; or, if she is wise, negotiation. She may acquire money by the latter—defeat and disgrace by the former. To-day a resolution was passed, requesting the President of the United States, in behalf of the people of Texas, to send troops forthwith to our frontier. This resolution is a sanction on the part of the people of Texas of the movement now on foot.

The course of those in power here, which in its presentment was advised by the Executive, has been dissipated by the power of the people. The Executive occupies no envied position—I am inclined to think he has been agitated by his friend and patron, as well as his Majesty's Minister. True to his faith, however, he issued his Proclamation, admitting a state of war and a disputed territory, which if not intended as treason to the country, or proceeding from disappointed hopes, was excessively foolish.

Lord Aberdeen has avowed to Dr. Ashbel Smith that Her Majesty's Government will not interfere in the question, so he writes home. This removes one of the prospects of war; so if you get to loggerheads with John Bull, it must be about Oregon. Jonathan will fight for whales and lumber, but seems to have little fancy for it if sugar, cotton or negroes have anything to do with the matter.

This once flourishing village is in a state of entire dilapidation and ruin—the effects of an arbitrary exercise of power, without cause, without precedent; and although the author of all this ruin is elected a delegate, he will not take his seat; he cannot—he dare not look upon hundreds which he has in his wantonness ruined!

Gen. Tarrant, a delegate from Fannin, was on a visit to San Antonio. He, with Mr. Howard, delegate from that place, has for some days been expected. Painful apprehensions have arisen for their safety, as many Indians are on the frontier, who have committed several murders lately.

We are entirely exposed to the attacks of the Indians and Mexicans—not a soldier on guard, and but few fire arms. So callous have the people of Texas become to danger, that they scarcely ever prepare to repel attack. On my way here I met a young man, with two young girls, in a buggy, with no protection whatever from attack, almost at the very spot where young Hornsby had been killed two weeks previous by the Indians. They were in high glee, laughing and talking merrily—I could but think that an hour might consign them to death, or a worse fate!

The Hope Howes reports only 40 hours from Galveston to the Balize. The latest Galveston paper we have is of the 12th inst. The British brig Persimmon arrived at Galveston a few days ago from Vera Cruz. She brought despatches for the Government, and was to return as soon as she heard from Washington. It was rumored in Galveston that she was there for the purpose of learning the fate of the Mexican propositions to President Jones, and if they were rejected, that the fleet of Mexico would be down on Galveston with-

out delay! We hope the Galvestonians will not evacuate their city on the strength of this fearful rumor.

The Hon. K. L. Anderson, Vice President of Texas, died on the 10th inst. at Fort Thompson, Montgomery county, of fever. The papers are in mourning for the sad event. Mr. Edward Boume, a native of Coventry, England, left his residence on Clear Creek Lake in a boat, on the 3d instant, and is supposed to have been drowned on the 4th.

Ashbel Smith has been recalled from England. Speaking of this, the Galveston News of the 12th says—"We should like to know what he went for, what he has done, how much money he has pocketed, what he is going to do, or what plan will next be fallen upon to dislodge our public funds."

The following appointments have been made by the President:

Hon. Ebenezer Allen, Secretary of State, Hon. W. B. Ochiltree, Attorney General, Hon. J. A. Greer, Secretary of the Treasury.

The reports of the troops throughout the country are highly favorable; Galveston and the other cities and towns continue healthy; emigrants are fast passing into the country from the adjoining States of the Union; and the prospects of Texas, view them through what phase we will, are prosperous and encouraging.

The Troops.—It seems now very certain that the U. S. troops, at the Barracks and Lower Press, the 3d and 4th regiments, will start tomorrow for their new destination on the borders of Texas.

## COTTON SEED OIL.

From Ellsworth's Report for 1844.

[The following account of cotton seed oil, &c. from J. H. Hamilton Cooper, Esq., of Georgia, will be read with interest, as it shows the use which may yet be made of an article produced in large quantities, and before comparatively useless. A gentleman at the North is already making inquiries on this subject, which may lead to his embarking into this enterprise. It is not improbable, therefore, that cotton planters may rejoice to find an article of so little value hitherto, may be converted into an important article of domestic and foreign use. It was received too late for reference in the report.]

The seed of the *Sen island* or *long staple* cotton weighs about 40 lbs. to the bushel. As it is less coated with fibre, the yield of oil to the bushel will be considerably greater than that of the upland; but I am unable to say what it is. As the two kinds are only varieties of the same plant, it is presumed that there is no difference in the oil from the two.

Practically considered, the Sea-Island cotton seed may be put out of the question, from its limited production, and the value on it by planters as a measure.

From the experiment made on a large scale at Natchez, the oil from upland cotton seed was found, when well refined, to burn as well as sperm; it made also an excellent paint oil. There was however much difficulty in refining it, &c. so much waste in accomplishing it as to render the manufacture unprofitable. The process employed were such as were then used in the Netherlands, France, and in America; but none of them was satisfactory. There is every reason to expect that the great improvements and discoveries now in line in organic chemistry will soon supply satisfactory process of refinement.

As there are 30 bushels of seed to every bale of cotton, each bale will yield at least 15 gallons of crude oil, and 350 lbs. of oil cake. If the oil can be made to be worth 50 cents per gallon, and the cake be sold for 1 cent, an increase of \$10 at least per bale will be given which in 2,000,000 of bales will be \$20,000,000.

Through the greater part of the western country, the seed is absolutely thrown away as the lands are too rich to be manured. The oil cake from cotton seed has been extensively used by me as feed for horses, cattle, and sheep, and was found to be excellent. It may be used with equal advantage with rape-seed for food or manure.

Upland or Sea-Island cotton seed may be obtained from any of the factors in Charleston or Savannah.

No difficulty exists in hulling, tempering or expressing the oil. The huller of *ruled & South of Petersburg, Virginia*, accomplishes the first very effectually, at the rate of a bushel of kernels in four or five minutes; and the machinery employed in French Flinders for rapeseed, &c. answers perfectly for cotton seed.

The present low prices of cotton will present a sufficient inducement to planters to save and sell the seed at reasonable prices; and it is believed that, if a cheap and effective mode of refining the oil can be discovered, this branch of manufacture will become one of very high value to the country.

J. HAMILTON COOPER, *near Durbin, Ga.*

The Editor of the Iowa Standard, starts off with the following axiom:

"Editors are but men after all."  
That's true brother, very true, says the U. S. Gazette. From Louisiana to Maine, and from the Atlantic to the Lakes, it is just as you say, they are men "after all." But it is their own fault that they are after all. They are after their political opponents, and drive them furiously; and when the spoils of victory are thought of, the editor generally finds himself after all the rest, and of course, too late. Some of the craft, and indeed, appear to be "after all" in another sense; they are after the spoils, all the fun, and all the honor, but "after all," they do not get them, and see, "after all," that they took the wrong course for either.

Pretty Considerable of a Note.

A Southerner had a large shaggy dog of what is commonly called the cor species, of whom he gave, in the presence of a number of persons the following character: "He is a little the keenest critter you ever did see—real wild cat—muscle and grizzle all over—can eat a hedgehog—dodge a thunder clap, and whip any four-legged animal that ever walked the earth." "He must be a screwdriver," said a hog merchant present, "but I'll bet you a cool ten dollars, that I have got an old hog in the field out yonder that he can't make nor, no day." "Done!" exclaimed the southerner, taking out the money, which was collected by that of the hog-driver. It was a cold winter morning, and the company had to wade through the snow ere they could reach the dog pen. When they arrived at the field, the animal was pointed out; he was standing passively in a corner—and no sooner did the dog perceive his antagonist than he seized him by the throat, and they both rolled into the snow together. "He's a screamer!" shouted the hog-driver. "May be so," replied the hog-driver, "but he's holding out his hand for the snakes—he's aint a-going to run—for he was frozen to death last night—and dead dogs don't use their legs now—days."

An Arkansas "Roarer" tells of a fellow who, once fell asleep under the influence of liquor, and who while asleep, dreaming that he had swallowed a free buffalo, horns and all, commenced opening his gasping jaws wider and wider, till the "upper story of his head" lifted itself entirely off!